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Let all distressed draw near and make their moan,
Their patron lies confined beneath this stone."

A large stone with the date of 1743, has a large cross engraved on it, and is said to mark the grave of Cloghrois Mac Carthy's father. Tradition speaks of him as a man of great strength and valour; the arms of the cross measure four inches and a half, which is said to have been the breadth of his own arms.

The numerous heaps of skulls and bones, which a few years ago were to be seen here, have been deposited in their mother earth.

The castle of Kilcrea, situated in this district, was formerly a seat of the Mac Carties, Lords of Muskery and Earls of Clancarty, with attached manorial rights and is said to have been built, in the fifteenth century, by Cormac, surnamed Laider, Lord Muskery. The ruins evince it to have been a pile of much strength, and of considerable but rude magnificence. A stairway, composed of a dark marble, led from the ground floor to the summit of the structure, a height of nearly seventy feet. Traces of outworks are still visible; and on the east side, is the bawn, constituting, when the castle was the abode of its former lordly owners, the place of recreation by day, and of shelter in the gloom of night, for the cattle of the domain, whose least noxious enemies were the wolves of the adjacent morass and woodlands.

THE BEGGARMAN AND THE BLACKSMITH.

About the beginning of the last century a wealthy farmer lived in the lonely district of Kilmacrenan, in the north of Ireland. His cottage was surrounded with hills, which were used as a sheep-walk, their surface was unsheltered, except where occasional clusters of stunted hawthorn and elder trees were scattered. About half a mile from the farmer's dwelling were the "cross-roads," distinguished by the white washed forge and cabin of Paddy Murphy, the blacksmith, and called from this circumstance the "*Carthan bawn*." It was late in October, 1703, when the farmer, having collected what at that time was deemed a good sum, by his sales at various fairs, was suddenly called from home to attend the funeral of an aunt, which took place at a considerable distance from his neighbourhood. The money his traffic had brought him was necessarily left, in his absence, in care of his wife. On the third evening after his departure, the servant girl was washing the potatoes for supper, when a sturdy looking beggarman approached the house.

"Mistress, mistress, dear," cried Sally, "there's a strange *bocaugh* coming; any how, I don't like the look of him at all! He's the biggest man I ever see, beats the master out and out, and more by token, he has the devil of a wicked look!"

"Shut the door then," said the mistress of the cottage. Sally was about to obey, when it struck her mistress that, lonely and unprotected as they were, civility was their best play; as if the beggarman should choose to enforce his admission by violent means, they would not be able to offer resistance. He entered and unceremoniously seated himself by the fire.

"What are you getting for dinner?" he asked.

"Beef and potatoes," replied Sally.

"If you mean that bit of meat," rejoined the *bocaugh*, "it won't be enough to give a taste to the boys."

Mrs. Mac Gunshigan looked surprised.

"Ay, mistress, you'll have company here by and by, this is a cold, raw evening, and they'll want something comfortable."

"Put down more then," said the farmer's wife.

Dinner was nearly ready, when the blacksmith of the "*Carthan bawn*" entered.

"Then it's myself that's proud to see you," said Sally to him in a low voice.

Paddy Murphy's appearance did not please the *bocaugh*, who sturdily asked him, what brought him there?

Paddy looked astonished, but answered "that he merely called upon his way from a neighbour's, to see how his friend, Mrs. Mac Gunshigan, was."

"Then you may take yourself off again," said the *bocaugh*, "we don't want you here."

"And who are you that orders me off?" asked Paddy Murphy.

"I'll show you in no time," said the mendicant, flourishing his shillelah.

"And if it comes to that, begad I'll have a hit too, before I leave this house at your bidding," said Paddy.

The beggarman aimed a blow at Paddy's head, but he dexterously avoided it, and his hammer descended with such fatal force on his opponent's temple, that the huge beggarman fell dead upon the ground with a single groan!

"Oh, murder, murder," cried the women, "you've kilt him."

"By dad," said Paddy, coolly, "it would have been the murder not to kilt him;" and he opened the coat of the pretended mendicant, and exhibited his belt well furnished with pistols—a whistle hung from his neck. "Now," said the blacksmith, "we'll have all the murder out, if you can only fire a pistol."

"I can fire right well," said Sally.

"I'll try and fire, too," said Mrs. Mac Gunshigan.

At this juncture the farmer unexpectedly returned, to the great delight of his wife and Sally.

"What lumber's this?" he exclaimed, stumbling over the body of the bandit.

"It's a *corpse*!" said his wife.

"Lord save us! who's kilt?"

"The captain of a gang of robbers, and if I had not settled him, he and his gang would have left no one here to tell tales to-morrow," said the blacksmith. The farmer lifted up his hands, struck with astonishment.

"If we only manage cutely," said Paddy Murphy, "we'll have the other birds. The night is dark; you, and I, and the women, will take a pistol each; we'll stand outside the door, and blow the whistle; and when the gang are pressing in, we'll slap at them."

The farmer acquiesced—the whistle was blown loud, and the trampling of feet was soon heard, and half a dozen ruffians rushed in through the open door of the cottage, directed by the fire light within. As they passed the little party, four pistols were effectively discharged at them, killing and wounding an equal number of men; the two others, terror-struck at so unlooked for a reception, hastily fled through a door that opened to the farm yard—leaving their less fortunate companions behind.

The blacksmith was tried, acquitted, and honoured with the thanks of the jury, for his steadiness and heroism. The grateful farmer gave him more substantial thanks.

SIMPLE SCIENCE—BISMUTH.

Bismuth is brought chiefly from the continent, although it is produced by several mines in Cornwall. It possesses the singular property of *expanding* as it cools, and for this reason is used in the composition of the finer kinds of printer's types, as from this expansive property may be procured the most perfect impressions of the moulds in which the letters are cast. The composition of type-metal varies from four to sixteen parts of lead to one of antimony.

Pearl-white is an oxide of Bismuth. Ladies have used it as a cosmetic, but it is not only unwholesome, but has the inconvenient property of becoming black by the contact of sulphuretted hydrogen gas, or the fumes of *fetted* substances. The gas which arises from the burning of mineral coal will produce the same effects on it. It is related by an eminent author, of a lady of fashion, who had incautiously seated herself too near the fire, at a *gaudril* table, that her countenance changed on a sudden from a delicate white to a dark tawny, as though by magic. The surprise and confusion of the whole party had such an effect on the disfigured fair one, that she was actually dying with apprehension; when the physician dispelled their fears, by informing his patient that nothing more was necessary for her than to abstain from the use of mineral cosmetics, and trust in future to those charms which nature had bestowed on her. It is said that this oxide, mixed up in pomatum, will change the colour of hair to black.

Pewter is a mixture of one hundred and twelve pounds of tin, fifteen pounds of lead, and six pounds of brass: but many manufacturers add a quantity of bismuth in making

it. Bismuth has the property of contributing to the fusibility of many metallic alloys. If eight parts of bismuth, five of lead, and three of tin, be melted together, the mixed metal will fuse in boiling water. Tea spoons made of this alloy, are sold in London, to surprise those who are unacquainted with their nature. They have the appearance of bright pewter tea-spoons, but melt as soon as they are immersed in hot tea. A composition of lead, zinc, and bismuth, in equal parts, will melt with so small a portion of heat, as to be kept in fusion in *paper*, over a lamp.

E. B.

A VISIT TO JOANNA.

BY THE HON. MRS ERSKINE NORTON.

I do not recollect ever having been more amused, in the course of my travels, than during a morning's visit to Joanna, a small island to the north of the channel of the Mozambique. It is inhabited by a horde of Arabs, who, as far as I could make out, took possession of it between two or three centuries since, and have remained unmolested, as well by their savage neighbours of Madagascar as by those of the opposite continent: their only enemies are the Mainotes, inhabitants of an island near them.

We anchored before Joanna early in the morning of the 22d of July, 1821.

While I was dressing I observed a canoe coming off, and presently after, from the bustle on deck, I knew visitors had arrived. Of course I was prepared by the descriptions I had received; yet I found it a very difficult matter to preserve my gravity on being introduced in form by my husband to his old acquaintances (for he had been here twice before), Lord Wellington, Lord Sidmouth, Admiral Rodney, and the prime minister, who, although the most distinguished among them, bore only the simple title of *Bombay Jack*. Lord Wellington wore, over his loose and rather ragged drab trowsers, an old red coat with a pair of epaulettes, which had seen good service on some gay marine, and a cocked hat to match. Admiral Rodney sported a naval coat with two pairs of epaulettes, one laid over the other on each shoulder. *Bombay Jack* and Lord Sidmouth were in plain clothes, that is to say, arrayed according to their own fashion, with, however, sundry amusing decorations; all without shoes and stockings. They spoke English, *Bombay Jack* particularly well: he was a keen, shrewd, little old man, and had, under his king, governed Joanna for many years. He had received the appellation of *Bombay Jack* from the following circumstance. A ship belonging to the East India Company had been wrecked on some part of the coast of Joanna; the crew were most hospitably and kindly treated by these poor Arabs. Two vessels passing soon after for Bombay, part of the sufferers was put on board of one, and the prime minister, with the remainder, embarked in the other. They arrived at Bombay, and the Company, always noble in its rewards and encouragement, promised to send them every year a present of a little cloth, and some other articles valuable to them; this promise, I believe, has been punctually performed, and has not only secured the assistance and good-will of these islanders, but has also proved an inducement to their neighbours to "go and do likewise."

"You shall see, masters," said Jack, when seated in our cabin, with a glass of wine before him, "that *Bombay Jack* be no fool. Long, long time since—(early in 1800)—Frenchmen came here—like Joanna very much; ask no questions, come on shore, build huts, buy food, and then begin plant *cotton*. I no like this. Frenchmen very civil, but very sly; when cotton grow and money come, they take Joanna, and we go into the sea: no, no, that not do—*Bombay Jack* too cunning. Cotton planted—cotton coming up well. One dark night, when Frenchmen all sleep, we go very quiet, boil water, and pour it very quiet over all cotton plants. Next morning Frenchmen wake—cotton plants all dead; they come to me; I tell, 'Cotton always do so—a little time good—good, and then all die one night.' Very well. Frenchmen next day pack up; go on board little ship and go

away. Good bye, good bye," continued *Bombay Jack*, standing up, however, and waving his hands in exultation; then turning to us, he said, "what people say if I not do this? Why, they no more call me *Bombay Jack*—but they call me—*Jack-Ass*."

Each of these Joanna noblemen had with him a packet of papers, containing *characters* given to him by the commanders, officers, or passengers of different vessels, recommending the bearer as a good and honest washerman, &c. Some, also, had their patents of nobility, drawn up and signed by different commanders, who had dubbed them with the titles they bore.

As it was early, and they promised to treat us with plenty of good milk, eggs, and coffee, on shore, we agreed to accept their invitation to breakfast; accordingly, a young lady who was with me, and myself, put on our bonnets, and the boat was ordered. While we were assembled on the deck, ready for our trip, Lord Sidmouth came up to us and whispered, "you no give washing to Lord Wellington. great rascal he—not wash well, and always steal people clothes; better wait, and give to Prince of Wales on shore, he very good washerman, and very honest." We extricated ourselves from this little court intrigue by saying, that as we had so lately left the Cape, and should remain so short a time at Joanna, it was probable we should not require their services in this respect.

We were soon on shore. The village (or city, perhaps I ought to call it) was composed of small, low, irregular habitations, looking extremely hot, silent, and dull; the two last qualifications I attributed to the total absence of women, who, perhaps, on account of our visit, were kept more out of sight than usual. The abode of the king was singular, it was built of wood, in the shape of a ship, upon an arch; we went underneath the arch, where a small door opened to a narrow flight of stairs, which conducted us to his majesty's apartments; they consisted, as far as we saw, of three small rooms; the first was an armoury, containing a tolerable display of muskets, neatly arranged and in good order; the second was the presence chamber, where, at the head of a rude table, elevated on cushions, and wearing a scarlet mantle trimmed with tarnished gold lace and fringe, white petticoat trowsers, and a turban, sat the old king, light George the Third; round his neck, and on his turban, he wore what he intended to be taken for precious stones. Near him stood the Prince of Wales, a fine, intelligent young man, dressed neatly after the fashion of his country. No one sat down. The king nodded graciously to us (the two ladies), and asked my husband which of the two belonged to him, and then enquired why and wherefore the other one was not disposed of, with sundry other queer questions, which I began to think, the sooner I put an end to the better. I therefore requested his majesty's permission to pay our respects to the queen and princesses, which was immediately granted, and we were conducted by the Prince of Wales through a short, narrow, dark passage, which was ended by a curtain: this being withdrawn, we discovered, after peering about a little, three female figures seated on cushions on the floor; they had handkerchiefs placed rather gracefully over their heads, the rest of their persons were concealed by shawls. The two girls, so far as the dim light permitted us to observe, were good-looking, with fine, but heavy eyes: their whole appearance indicated melancholy and indifference; they stared at us, but I could not trace in their look either curiosity or interest. The old lady, who seemed to have a little more life in her, put one or two questions through her son. How long had I been married? How many children had I? She then spoke a few words in her own language to her son, and we courtesied and took our leave; the three bowed their heads like automatons, and I was glad to escape from a scene which presented my sex in so miserable and degraded a condition.

On returning up the dark passage we went into the third apartment, which contained a table and a few chairs; the table was covered with a cloth not over clean, considering there were so many washermen; cups, saucers, and plates, of English white ware, were placed on it, with two large bowls of milk; here we took our seats. A great